

LITTLE THINGS OF DRESS THAT ARE IMPORTANT

Here's the Secret of Why More Women Look Well-Dressed in Winter Than in Summer

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD.

THE little things of the toilet seem more important in summer than in winter. Winter frocks have a way of being self-sufficient, complete in themselves. That is one reason why more women look well-dressed in winter than in summer.

Their dressmakers turn out costumes that will stay fresh and intact for at least a reasonable time and call for no inspiration or ingenuity on the part of the wearer, but summer frocks and blouses rumple and soil and shrink and wilt, and to keep oneself dainty and immaculate in hot weather means eternal vigilance and effort. Neckwear, belts, veils, gloves, bags, all the accessories of dress must be constantly freshened or renewed, and a talent for choosing and wearing such small things will make a very small number of frocks and suits go a long way toward being a complete summer outfit.

Neckwear has been of special importance of late, and the supply of pretty neck things this summer is really amazing. Gimpes, which are in fact sleeveless blouses and may be worn with a coat or with an overbodice widely open in front, are one of the season's specialties; but they have already been discussed in these columns.

Perhaps the newest and most interesting items of the smart neckwear are the collars, that are but collars, or at the most, collars and little yokes or tabs or frills. Low collars have been the hot weather rule, but high collar exceptions are many and chic and the woman who can wear them manages to look agreeably unlike the crowd.

Many of these high collars, so called, open enough in front to give freedom and comfort, but rise high and close at sides and back. They are wired to shapeliness and may have cuffs to match, while the line of joining between collar and frock or blouse neckband is hidden by a narrow black velvet or a flat little cape only a few inches wide. Such sets are made in exquisitely embroidered lingerie stuffs and the chiffon set referred to here being fairly typical and graceful in many different delicate shades.

An embroidered linen collar closes up high around the back and sides and neck, turning back in points at the front and continuing in two narrow long tabs, rounded at the ends and embroidered, is a good looking,

comfortable and easily adjusted model that is made in white and various colors.

The straight standing collar of embroidered linen, with round corners and with wing points flaring out from its top at the sides, is popular and, with a little black cravat, looks extraordinarily shipshape when worn with a sheer but tailored lingerie blouse or a simple semi-tailored frock. Straight cross tucked bands, with flaring frills at their tops, are made in white, and striped handkerchief linen—pink and white, blue and white, black and white—is made up in similar fashion, but with the stripes taking the place of the tucking. With these striped bands the frill is sometimes of plain white, hemstitched or hammed narrowly in the color. Cuffs to match are shown with these collars.

There are many new things in chemisettes and gimpes, with high



rolling collars, the ribbon being drawn down to the collar point in front after the usual fashion and knotted there with falling ends. There are, too, stocks of black ribbon with big bows at the back and white flaring frills or points rolling over the top of the band.

Flesh colored organdy collars are popular, made usually on low rolling lines and either simply hemmed or hemstitched. In picturesque shapes these are charming. Chemisettes and gimpes of flesh colored organdy are often delectable affairs, the fronts crisscrossed in lattice fashion by lines of hemstitching and several rows of hemstitching around the edge of the deep collar. Narrow valenciennes lace is sometimes set into flesh organdy, but trimming seems to detract from the smartness of the organdy collar and its crisp simplicity is its greatest merit.

In handbags, as in neckwear, this season has been richer than the average. Never were so many tempting bags shown and never did so many of the well known Parisian dressmakers and milliners give attention to bags en suite with costumes or hats.

The vogue of the drawstring bag accounts for this. A mounted bag requiring metal frame is beyond the art of the amateur bag maker, but a draw-

string bag is a different matter, and with silk, lace, net, beads, above all beads, marvels can be accomplished.

Exquisite bits of old lace are worked into some of the summer bags, one of the models pictured here being a case in point, and some of the French workers get admirable results by painting silk lace to any shade desired, embroidering it in beads and laying it over soft silks.

Old and beautiful silks, brocaded, striped, dotted, &c., are seized by the designers of bags, and plain or shot taffetas are used for some of the prettiest models, shirred and frilled and perhaps beaded. The plain silk bag, beaded, is as good looking as any other if the beading is effective and original,

Bags beaded, lace trimmed and of silk and leather combination and some of the new collar and cuff sets of colored and white handkerchief linens are the most interesting of accessories.

and though intricate and difficult embroidery motifs are numerous, there are designs simpler and more easily accomplished that are very decorative yet not beyond the skill of any patient needlewoman. Fine tracery designs in small steel beads are readily applied and net or lattice work of fine bead lines is lovely over silk, yet almost any one can make it.

Shapes are a matter of whim, but the bags sketched for this page illustrate some of the most popular of the season's designs.

mix the whipped cream into the frozen mixture. Repack in equal parts of ice and salt for a half hour or more. Serve in tall, slender parfait glasses and decorate the top of each with a swirl of the whipped cream reserved for the purpose. A further garnish of a bit of fresh fruit, a crystallized mint leaf or a piece of candied ginger will add beauty as well as flavor.

The same mixture, divided into individual paper cases and sprinkled with macaroon dust or chopped nuts, should be repacked for a slightly longer time than when in a single mould. Professional confectioners set these cases in an ice cave with shelves, but a lard pail will answer the purpose quite as well, as its well lapped cover eliminates the possibility of the entrance of salt and a layer of paraffin paper over the top of each paper case will keep the portions from touching.

Mousse, on the other hand, is simplicity itself. A general rule is all that is necessary: To each pint of cream, stiffly whipped, add four tablespoons of sifted powdered sugar. Flavor to taste, turn into an ice cold mould and let it stand untouched in salt and ice for three or four hours. Fresh fruit flavorings, such as peach, raspberry and strawberry, are favorites for mousse, and either the crushed pulp or the juice may be used.

For an elaborate dessert a hostess cannot do better than to order plain vanilla ice cream from a confectioner and use it for the lining of a mould. Fill the centre with sweetened and flavored whipped cream and repack for two hours. The best combinations are those in which color and flavor are in strong contrast. Thus, vanilla ice cream with a centre of raspberry mousse is as good to look at as it is to eat.

TRAY BREAKFASTS.

HOSTESSES of today are sending up tray breakfasts to their guests rather than expecting them to come into the dining room for breakfast, and even in households where the people are in rather moderate circumstances there are likely to be one or two individual breakfast sets. These sets may be of the most fragile Dresden china or they may be of porcelain with an old fashioned design of flowers and may be bought with the tray for \$5.50.

Each set consists of a small coffee pot, sugar bowl, cream and hot water pots, a covered dish, cereal bowl, plate, butter plate, egg cup, cup and saucer and salt shaker.

It is the sad fact just now to have a set of linen for each breakfast set. For instance, if the set is Dresden, there are a cloth for the tray, a tiny cover for the toast, a napkin for the egg and a napkin, buttonhole in pink or blue, with Dresden flowers embroidered in the corners. If it is a willow ware set, the linen is coarser and has a blue pieced edge and a pair of doves outlined in the corner.

The breakfast might consist of a grapefruit or a cocktail glass of orange juice, a little cereal, an egg, some toast or a roll, a small jar of jam, and a pot of coffee. Many hostesses are buying these tiny jars and filling them when they make their jam for just this time.

TEA OUT OF DOORS.

THERE seems to be no limit to the lovely things one may buy or make for the porch tea. There are wicker trays, tea carts and muffin stands, as well as these made of wood.

There are all sorts of cloths, from the fine flax to the coarse arts and crafts cloths, made of common tea towelling, and there are napkins to match. Very pretty cloths are made of oyster white linen with hems and cuffs of such wide width, coming in both directions with black to make a cross stitched hem, and small bunches or baskets of bright colored fruit or flowers done in cross stitch in the corners. Those made of the blue and white Japanese towelling are cheap and serviceable. To match the cloth and napkins, there are small squares, with a large bright head sewed to each corner to put over the plates, sugar and cream pitcher and the rest of the food.

Or one may have one of the more elaborate covers. Some of these are made of heavy material, such as a wide frame with a large crocheted button for a handle, or they may be made of perforated tin, painted.

Get Rid of Your Burden of Fat



There was an excuse for overeating, laborious exercises were the only means of getting rid of the flesh, but nowadays when it is possible to get rid of two, three or four pounds of fat a week by merely taking a tiny tablet after each meal and at the time the man or woman who remains fat does so from once a day, thousands of people who have used Marmola's Fat Destroyer and who have prepared from the famous Marmola's prescription know by experience that this is the only way to get rid of fat, easier and more pleasant than old-fashioned methods but that it is also wonderfully successful and harmless. Instead of being any way harmful or injurious, Marmola's Prescription Tablets are truly beneficial to the general health. The use of them does not interfere in any way with work or recreation. You need not restrict your diet or alter your habits in any way whatever. You need not restrict your food, but you must take your fat destroyer. You can get Marmola's Prescription Tablets at any drug store for 75 cents per case or by sending the price direct to the Marmola Company, 300 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Try them and the results will surprise you. —Ad.

WOMEN DISPLAYING INITIATIVE IN MANY WALKS OF LIFE

SUFFRAGISTS haven't exactly sworn to take no vacations till they get the vote, but it is a fact that some of the leaders with pleasant summer homes are letting those homes stand deserted while they swelter at their desks in the hot city planning how to confound the politicians and convince the multitude. Mrs. Norman De R. Whitehouse, the beautiful little chairman of the New York State Woman Suffrage party, is one of these.

When Mrs. Whitehouse entered suffrage three or four years ago she had, according to her own confession, never done anything more momentous than to "dance, and dress, and see her friends." Sometimes she refers longingly to those days of ease when she looks down on sizzling Fifth avenue from her office at No. 303, where she tells four days in the week all summer and all the week for the rest of the year.

"Oh," she muses, "think of the time when I ate my breakfast reclining against my pillows in bed, at the sea-

shore or in the country! And now more often than not I rise with the sun and snatch a sandwich on the way to the train to see some politicians at Albany, or deliver a speech in some town up-State. I don't know why I am here, but here I am, and to stay until we win the fight."

Thursday night Mrs. Whitehouse goes to her Newport home as a concession to her husband and her little daughter, who are both, by the way, ardent suffragists, as are her mother and sister, for one by one she has brought all her family into the cause. She stays at Newport till Monday, so for a short period she is enjoying a few breakfasts in bed each week. While she is away from headquarters Mrs. Charles Leavitt of Albany comes to New York and holds down her job of chairman.

Neither is Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, political specialist, taking a vacation, but then she is used to going without vacations. She hasn't had one for more than three years. She takes her little girl to the Laidlaw house in Port Washington in the summer, but early every morning she hops into the automobile—except when said machine is disabled from too large a section of the crowd leaning on it at street meetings, on which occasions she takes the train—and makes for the headquarters at 303 Fifth avenue, where she works feverishly when she isn't out campaigning. If Mrs. Laidlaw and her husband, an energetic member of the Men's League for Woman Suffrage, permit themselves to go to a lawn party or tea or dinner or dance or beach picnic or garden party, there is sure to be a suffrage speech in between the more frivolous proceedings. Long Island "suffs" have vowed to let no occasion pass, except possibly funerals and prayer meetings, without dropping a few suffrage truths into nearby ears.

With "General" Rosalie Jones of the White House and her cohorts can just move to Albany and clutter up the corridors of the Capitol till the Legislature comes to terms.

Consider that this is an "off year" for New York State in suffrage, the leaders are certainly going it strong in the matter of cutting vacations. What will they do when the referendum is on in 1917? But maybe Congress will pass the Federal amendment, as aforesaid, and then Mrs. Whitehouse and her cohorts can just move to Albany and clutter up the corridors of the Capitol till the Legislature comes to terms.

Here's a woman who appears to be a better man than her husband—at least she has won where Friend Husband failed. She is Mrs. Marjorie J. Bloom of Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and for more than a year President Wilson, when he had nothing else to do, has nominated first Mr. Bloom and then Mrs. Bloom as postmaster of that town. Devil's Lake had no postmaster and wanted one, but Senator Gronna didn't like the way Mr. Bloom's whiskers were cut, or his opinion on politics, or something, and regularly held up the confirmation of either Bloom in the Senate. At last, however, Senator Gronna has weakened—not on Mr. Bloom, but on Mrs. Bloom. Her persistence has won, and she is to be confirmed without delay.

Ever and anon some member of the sex rises up and complains bitterly because she has to wear skirts. She wails that they are clumsy, unsanitary, that they cling about her ankles and hamper her in the race of life; that if it weren't for the awkward things she would soon outdistance men. "What," asked Elizabeth Cady Stanton, or maybe it was Lucy Stone, "what can a woman do climbing the stairs with a baby on one arm and a candle in the other hand and a skirt to hold up lest it trip her feet?"

And for a long time she asked "What?" But now the skirt has just-

ified itself. It has saved the life of a woman who foolishly decided to commit suicide. Mrs. Alice Walker of Long Island City died of life, although or perhaps because she is the mother of five young children, all living and all lively, sought to drown herself. She plunged into the East River, and the hundreds of persons along the bank in Rainey Park, Astoria, gave

right end up with the tide till the excited onlookers could man a boat and row to her rescue.

"Charge, ladies, charge!" is the watchword of Mrs. William Grossman, 80 years old, of New Brunswick, N. J. In the interests of civic beauty, Mrs. Grossman led a company of 100 women against the pole gang of the Public



MRS. JAMES LEES LAIDLAW

Service Company, seized their pole and used it as a battering ram to disperse the laborers. It was just a little neighborly act. The pole gang was trying to erect a totum that was at all ornamental in front of the home of Mrs. Abraham Ankowitz in Burnet street, unmoved by the tearful pleadings of Mrs. Ankowitz, when along came the brave eighty-year-old

heroine. Police reserves were called to protect the alarmed laborers, who weren't able to run fast enough to escape the battering ram operated by Mrs. Grossman's company, hastily organized from neighbor women. There were no casualties, but the pole still rests in a horizontal position.

Mrs. Jarvis of England, no, not the waxworks lady, but a rat catcher by profession—is said to be one of the most successful persons in her line. Before setting out to slay rodents she studied them, and her careful scientific observation discovered that their chief trait is cleanliness. Every rat, she found, when about to eat first washes his paws, then his face, then rolls over his tidbit with his paws and washes them again. Not till this is done does he swallow the tidbit. Taking advantage of the poor rat's cleanliness, Mrs. Jarvis strews poisoned tidbits in his way, and the wash he takes after handling one of these bits is his last wash. As soon as he touches his mouth with his paws, he rolls over dead. Mrs. Jarvis got thirty-seven dozen in one warehouse one day.

Anybody who sees Mrs. Michael Tuohy ringing a bell out of her door at 11 P. M. needn't think it's a fire, or be worried for her sanity. Mrs. Tuohy is merely ringing the curfew for Mike, her husband, pursuant to the commands of Magistrate Simms. Michael was hailed to court recently by his wife, who said he stayed out too late, came in smelling of whiskey and was cross the next morning. So the Magistrate said: "Mike, I'll give you one chance. Your wife is to ring the curfew for you at 10 every night, and if you're not ready for bed at that hour, with a breath free from the scent of gin, rickys, cocktails and other drinks, she is to ring me up, and if she's not ready for bed at that hour, she's to be in prison for the next morning."

Tuohy pleaded hard for an hour of grace, saying he had many rents to collect and couldn't get in by 10. So now Friend Wife rings him in at 11 and the Tuohy household is undisturbed by the odor of strong drink.

There is grave danger that Mary Bardon, 15 years old, of Pittsford, N. Y., will grow up to be a spendthrift. True, she herself earned the money she squandered, but even so it was a sad exhibition of the profligate spirit of young America.

Mary is the daughter of Anton Bardon, and she works in a factory from 7 in the morning till 6 at night. Her pay is \$150 a day she gives to her father. Now, Mary is a good girl, after laboring all day she does the housework for half a dozen half brothers and half sisters. Remembering this, at the risk of inculcating